

THERE is now in the Press, and will be shortly published a Collection of Familiar Letters on several occasions. Written by the Right Honourable John Lubbock, Esq. M.P. for the County of Essex; the Honourable Algernon Sydney, Letters concerning Delivery and Arbitrary Government; and Mr. Osgood Love Letters written to a Lady. Published from their Original Manuscripts. Printed for Sam. Brice in Crown-arch.

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PREFACE.

Amongst a number of New Plays that of late have crowded the Stage, I thought an old Subject, tho for no other account than the Respect we are for the most part apt to pay Antiquity; might meet with some Civility; this was lookt on by some, well vers'd in the Rules and Beauties of Poetry, as a Piece that wou'd not be altogether unacceptable, provided it appeared with a new Air more agreeable to the Humour of the present Age. 'Tis true, I found my self deceived in the working it up, and perceiv'd it requir'd more labour than I at first design'd it; for what with making some Characters entirely new, and reforming others, I found by that time I had done, I had little or none remaining but the Design: As it is, it may bear up in the Winter, notwithstanding the little Encouragement it met with at its first appearance from a thin Town, and the Scarcity of Money. I must own the Town has been very favourable to Me, and they who found nothing to commend, thought not fit to condemn what was writ purely for their Diversion. 'Tis true, every thing is not to be judg'd

The PREFACE.

according to the Success it meets with on the Stage; 'tis an easier Task to divert than please, forasmuch as the first, like a sudden flash, strikes only on the Fancy; whilst the other is exposed to the Severity of Judgment and Reason. *Alphonso's* Character in the last Act looks as if I had been resolv'd, whatever Absurdities I committed, to make the Part for the Lines, and not the Lines for the Part, and therefore kill'd him in Opposition to a known Rule in Poetry: I am almost ready to confess it, tho, how far I have transgress'd therein let the Critick judge; if he is offended at his last Scene, let the rest, which are all new, plead in my Behalf; I'm sure it improv'd his Character, and, through the Excellence of the Action, appear'd very beautiful on the Stage. The last Scene in the Third Act had the Misfortune to offend some, who are often more curious than becomes either their Modesty or good Manners; but that Man is in good hands, who has Pride and Affectation for his Judges.

T. Scot.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Verbruggen.

IM thinking, Sirs, how soon we are undone,
Deserted thus by the inconstant Town.
Where are those Friends, that did in numerous throngs
Crowd to our Musick, and applaud our Songs?
Curse on this dull preposterous Soil! since all
The Winter gave the Summer must recal;
Tho more than Greenland Frosts prevail'd elsewhere,
Yet then you found a warm Reception here,
But now Hide-Park scarce yeilds so fresh an Air.
Well then, we have resolv'd, till your return,
Since you, our Sovereigns, leave us, we'll adjourn;
Only once more your Subjects humbly pray,
Tou'd set your Hands to a few Acts to day;
Some new, but made on purpose to unfold
The meaning if the rest, long since grown old,
By your fam'd Ancestors confirm'd to th' Stage
In Fletcher's time, the Muscs Golden Age:
'Tis true, our Money may adulterate grow,
But Wit must still from one pure Fountain flow;
Pull not the well-plac'd Lawrels from his Brow,
What pleas'd them then, we hope will please you now.

The

The EPILOGUE written, and spoke,
by Mr. Haynes, in the Habit of a Horse
Officer, mounted on an *Afs*.

YOU have seen (before now) since this Shape-shewing age,
More *Asses* than mine, on a Beau-crowded Stage.
Wherefore by th' Example of Fam'd Dogget, my Brother,
To shew our Stage has *Asses* on't, as well as t' other;
Thus mounted I'm come to invite ye est' hither,
To Beaumont and Fletcher thus coupled together.
My Fancy, his Judgment; my Person, his Face,
With the mighty Interest he has in this place,
(For indeed, as I'm told, but pray let me not wrong ye)
My *Afs* has Relations, and Great ones among ye;
In the Galleries; Side Boxes, on the Stage, in the Pit;
What's your Critick? Tour Beau? Tour Keeper? Tour Wit?

Tour Fighting *Afs* is a Bully,
Tour Sneaking *Afs* is a Cit,
Tour Keeping *Afs* is a Cully,
But your Top, Prime *Afs* is your Wit,
They all fool Cit of his Wife,
He fools them all of their Pelf;
But your Wit's so damn'd an *Als*,
He only fools himself!

Writing one Play a Tear, for a Wit he'd pass,
His Lean Third Day makes out to him he's an *Afs*.
Be't I an *Afs* now thus to mount my Brother;
But he that's pleas'd with it too, is not he Another?
Are we not *Asses* all (twixt me and you)
To part with out Old Money till we were sure of New?
Since then so many *Asses* here abound,
Where an Eternal Link of Wit goes round,

THE EPILOGUE.

No Poet sure will think it a Disgrace,
To be ally'd to This Accomplish'd Ass,
For he's a great Critick you may read it in his Face.
As for his Courage truly I can't say much,
Yet he might serve for a Trooper among the Dutch.
Tho, of their Side, I'm sure he'd never fight,
His Passive Obedience shews I'm in the right.

[Whips the Ass often, who by reason of the innate Dullness
of the Beast never finches for it.
He's a Courtier fit to appear before a Queen;
Advance Bucephalus, view but his Mein:
Ladies, I'm sure you like his spruce Behaviour,
I ne'r knew ought but Asses in Their favour.
Fair Ones, at what I say take no Offence.

For—
When his Degree a Lover does commence,
You coin an Ass out of a Man of Sense.
Your Beaus that soften so your flinty Hearts,
They are Asses— Taylors make them Men of Parts.
Now some have told me this might give Offence,
That riding my Ass thus is riding th' Audience;
But what of that? the Brother rides the Brother,
The Son the Father; we All ride one another;
Then for a Jest for this time let it pass,
For he that takes it all I'm Sure's an Ass.

Drama.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Alphonso, King of Naples.
Frederick, his Brother, and U-
surper.

Valerio, a Noble Neapolitan.

Sorano, Frederick's Creature.

Pisano, { Alphonso's Friends.

An old Officer.

E N.

other.

Mr. Verbruggen.

Mr. Harland.

Mr. Williams.

Mr. Disney.

Mr. Mills.

Mr. Hill.

Mr. Neath.

Mrs. Rogers.

Mrs. Powell.

THE

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sorano and Evanthe.

Sorano. **T**Hus to adore, and thus to be rewarded,
Still to desire, and still desire in vain;
Is there no end of all my Miseries,
And of your cruel and severe Disdain?

Evanthe. Alas! My Lord.

Sor. Can you have eyes to wound;
Yet want those eyes to see the wounds you make?
Why has Heav'n giv'n you Beauty to destroy,
And not a Heart to pity these you kill?
A long and tedious Service have I paid you;
Ev'n from your Childhood I have been your Slave,
Court'd the earliest glories of your Youth
With the sincerest Love, before you was
To others known, by me you was ador'd.
Madam, I am —

Evan. You are indeed my Lord
More than the nicest gratitude can speak you,
Here on my Knees to the great Gods I witness,
How much I love, how much I honour you,
My Father and my Friend, even then a Friend,
When Heav'n it self had left me, sever'd me
From the lov'd care of an indulgent Parent,
Torn from my Arms all that was precious to me,
All the dear blessings for which still I bow'd
In daily thanks before their sacred Altars.
Even then, my Lord, your charitable hand
Stood betwixt me and their severest anger;
All this I own, and to the Gods dare speak it.
But yet, my honoured Lord —

Sor. But yet Evanthe
(Ungrateful I must call her) does reject
All the Endearments of an humble Love,
Concerns that hand that rais'd her thus to Life:
Rais'd her above the reach of Fortune, made her

Unhappy Kindness : Or,

The Idol of Mens Hearts, and Subject of their Tongues.

Evan. Alas ! my Lord, if a sincere Respect,
Equal to that with which a pious Child
Meets the kind blessings of a tender Parent,
Are Marks of a Contempt, then let Heav'n witness,
Let Heav'n and Earth witness against *Evanthe* ;
A more unworthy Wretch did never taste
A good Man's bounty ; this is all I have,
How am I able then to pay you more.

Sor. Not more ? Yes more than all the world can give,
More than the Gods themselves, should they vouchsafe
To crown *Sorano* with their choicest blessings.
How cunningly you would decline my Suit,
And knowing all, affect an Ignorance ?
Are then these sighs and tears, these eyes, that speak
A passion far too great to be conceal'd,
No better known, no better understood ?
Let me then on my Knees —

Evan. Let me on mine,
Entreat my Lord to pardon his *Evanthe*,
If she confesses she can never love :
Some secret power, too great to be withstood,
Has thrown a fatal Bar between our Hearts,
Parted our Souls never to meet in love.

Sor. Be it so then, and by that power I swear
Never to court your scornful beauties more.
But know proud Maid there is a Man adores you,
Not all your artful Looks, your Womans Pride,
Nor the rough hand of fate itself, should that
Stand betwixt him and his desires, can soften.
The King, the haughty King, loves thee *Evanthe*,
Dotes on thee ev'n to Madness, and by Force
Will gather all those Virgin Sweets, which I
With my best Services, could never merit.
Go and prepare you for the royal Sport,
Get to your Patches and your Paint, and try
By Art to please this mighty man of power.
Learn to look big, and strut it in the Court ;
Ye have Pride enough, and there it will become you.
But when y' have done the business you was rais'd for,
When joys repeated dull the edge of Love,
And amorous heat, then to the Stews convey you,
There you may thrive, and there I hope to find you.

[Exit.

Evan.

The Fruitless Revenge.

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Evân. The King! the King's the Rock that must destroy me;
Whose stubborn Will, blown by unbended power,
Runs o're all Bars that check him in his Course.
O my *Valerio* hasten to my succor,
Let some kind power, the Witness of our Vows,
Inform thy Soul how much *Evân* wants thee.
The King! he shall be serv'd; but how? not this way,
Death is a ready Friend on all occasions,
If I can't live a Saint, I'll dye a Martyr. *[Exit.]*

Enter Q. Mother, Alphonso, Pifano, and Petruccio.

Alph. Ha, ha, ha! Indeed, Madam, you must pardon me. I grant you I can see every day a musty Churchman railing at Covetousness in one Room, and his Wife gaming in the next; a merry Poet laughing at a dapper Courtier, and a surly Officer grinning at him again; nay, a rich old Alderman inviting the young fellow home to dinner this morning, that lay with his Wife last night, and never be mov'd: but to see a great Man, nay a Prince dancing to every Fidler —

Q. M. Why, who ever did?

Alph. Did you never? Bless your good fortune then, for it would make your Heart ake to see as much as I have.

Q. M. Nay, gentle Son.

Alph. Nay, gentle Mother, I know what you would say; you would ask me what I want, and alas I want many things; 'twould puzzle a Lawyers Arithmetick to reckon how many things I want. But in the first place I want a Wife, for between you and me, Madam, what should such tall overgrown fellows, like myself, live any longer without Wives? I know you'll say they make Fools of us, why be it so, I have been my own Fool long enough, 'tis time now I should be some ones else; for would one think it, nay friends you must bear me witness too, would one think it.

Q. M. Think what, Son?

Alph. Nay nothing, never think on't, my brains are almost turn'd with thinking.

Q. M. For which of all my sins have I deserv'd this Curse?

Alph. What you weep now, and perhaps 'tis for my Father; and yet I have seen some women, and they wise ones too, do as much for the loss of a Lap-dog; but, Madam, tell me, did you ever see a Lawyer with a Fee in both hands?

Q. M. Belike I have.

Alph. Why then you saw the Picture of Justice, you'll find his Breviate pinn'd to his back.

Q. M. Alas, my Son, these are disjointed Speeches,
The issue of a rackt distemper'd brain.

Alph. That's as much as to say I am a Fool, or a Madman; but go tell my Brother

B. A

Brother on't, he'll thank you for the discovery : for let me tell you, if 'twas not for Fools, what business would Knaves have in this world.

Q. M. To see him thus, his Soul thus lost in darkness,

Is worse than death : ye Gods why did his youth

Disclose such early hopes of future greatness,

That blasted e're age cou'd secure 'em to us.

Why in the Man do we with sorrow miss,

What in the Child we did with joy admire ?

Alph. If the King would make me a Privy Councellor, as I may grow great before I dye, I'de advise him to think more, and talk less, 'twill become his greatness, for now adays there is but this difference betwixt your Wife man and your Fool, the Wife man laughs at other mens Jests, and the Fool always at his own, like a Cat playing with her own Tail, and so tickles himself with his own fingers.

Q. M. Observe him Gentlemen, and whatsoever

A poor unhappy woman's Love can pay

You may rest well assur'd of.

Ref. We thank your Grace, our best care shall attend him. [Exit *Q. M.*

Alph. So now I'm free, was ever Love and Pity

How welcome to a Wretch like me before ?

Then when she follows, and pursues me most,

Then when she courts me with her tenderest love,

I shun her most.

A Mother's blessing is become my curse.

Ref. My Lord your causeless fears create this trouble,

Whilst ev'n to her you dare not own your self,

Whom above all the world you ought to trust.

Disclose your self in time, and make the Queen

A happy Partner of the mighty secret.

Alph. No, tho a Queen she is a woman still,

A tender Mother, and who knows, my Friend,

How far her womans weakness may betray her

Whilst my Head wants that Crown, to which she bore me,

And I live thus neglected and despis'd,

To her I must be mad *Alphonso* still.

But when my honourable friends we have finish'd

The glorious task the Gods have laid out for us,

Then like her first born Son she shall behold me,

Confest a Monarch, and the Lord of power,

In what're you command we shall obey.

Merhinks I see this proud imperious Traitor,

This beast of Prey that ruins all about him,

Torn down by the hand of Fate from all his glories,

Th' untimely fruits of Parricide, and Treason.
Villain that in the midst of feign'd pretence,
And smooth expressions of fair filial duty,
Whilſt on his Knees he begg'd a Fathers bleſſing,
Dare do a deed wou'd damn one but to think on.

Pis. Thus miſchief ever wears the cleareſt brow,
And like deep waters appears calm and gentle.

Petr. I was difficult to hide his practices;
Blood cries aloud, and had it once alarm'd
The Peoples Hearts, ſure *Frederick* had wanted
That Crown which through ſuch villanies he catch'd at.

Al. The People & a dull ſenſeleſſ lump of Clay,
Rude and unform'd; fitted for any impreſſion
The cunning Artiſt will impoſe upon it.

You know the Story (*To Piſano*) how by ſubtil poiſon
He took my Brother's life, attempted mine,
But the infuſion met with a reſiſtance

Too ſtrong to be overpower'd: howe'er he thought
I loſt, what more than Life Men ought to value,
My Reaſon;

For by your Father's Counſel I put on
This outward form of madneſs, to ſecure me
From any ſecond blow, the event answer'd
Our expectations, for being thus deſpis'd
I live below his fears.

Petr. But ſure my Lord,
The Sword of Juſtice, and *Brandino's* power,
Had been a ſafer, and far nobler refuge.
Why did you not inform your Royal Father,
Of that dire Plague, that Inſtrument of Hell,
Which at laſt fell on his devoted head?

Alp. Alas we did, but we did all in vain.
For the curſt Traitor, ſkill'd i' th' arts of Court,
Had ſo prevail'd; ſo won on his belief,
That 'twas as eaſie to perſwade my Brother
To be what he was not, as make *Brandino*
Believe him what he was; beſides my Father
Had nothing but the empty name of King;
The ſhadow left him; for my Brother knew
The Power lay lodg'd in bold *Sorano's* hands,
The curſt complotter of his dark deſigns.

But no more, ſince that by them thought fit to puniſh me,
By me at length, I hope, will puniſh them.

Unhappy Kindness. Or,

Peir. My honour'd Lord, where e're You lead we'll follow
With an assurance that becomes our cause

Alp. Nay 'tis a glorious one, and may be worthy
The admiration of succeeding ages.

'Tis such a one those brave Old *Roman* Hero's,
Did they now live, wou'd gladly be embark't in:
Who is there living, that e're heard of honour,
Or own'd the motions of a generous Spirit,
Wou'd tamely lye under th' imperious hand
The proud disdain of an Usurping Tyrant.
Whip him ye Gods! aim all your Thunders at him!
Let furies haunt his Dreams, distrust and care
Hang on his thoughts, and poison all his pleasures.

Peir. My Lord, old *Pedro*, who has plac't his Men
In the most secret corners of the City
Will'd me t' inform you that the time calls on us,
That all things now are ripe for Execution;
This morning he commands the Guard, by which means
The Gates will all be open to receive 'em.

Alph. Then e're to Morrow's dawn my Brother sets,
For ever sets in a dread Cloud of Blood.
Naples once more shall raise her drooping head,
Whose rugged Vertues, hard'ned by Afflictions,
Shall be the wonder of this lower World,
And like old *Rome* give Laws to th' Universe.

Pis. My honour'd Lord pardon your Loyal Slave,
Who with the foremost wishes to behold
That happy day, and never will know quiet
Till we are Masters of our great design;
Yet in my humblest duty I affirm
This day 'twill be impossible to effect 'em.

Alp. Impossible! were he like *Jove* himself
Clos'd round with Thunder, and a guard of Gods,
Whose every look might awe the Universe,
Yet then it wou'd not be impossible:

What can be so to minds resolv'd like ours?
But do's he not lye open to destruction,
Do not his Friends, that live upon his smiles,
Rais'd by his favours from the lowest Earth,
Do not ev'n they both fear, and hate the Tyrant?
Nay like base Slaves wou'd help his ruine forward.
Is there a Sword in *Naples* will be Idle.

Will not strike home, when the great Gods shall call,

And

The Fruitless Revenge.

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And lead us on to Liberty and Peace?

Pis. My Lord, all this I grant, and more, but yet—

Alp. But what?

Grant me but this, and what more can we ask for

The Gods are kind, we wanting to our selves;

Unstable unresolv'd; like heartless fools

That still in expectation loose fruition.

I will not trust my fate to another hazard,

To be as great as fortune e're can make me.

At length we have got th' unruly beast at bay,

On ev'ry side hem'd in with sure destruction,

And shall we now forego our certain hopes,

Trust to the bounty of another hour,

When this has giv'n us more than we dar'd hope for?

Pis. My Lord, You us'd to be more moderate.

Alp. I'm moderate still, but Vengeance cries aloud!

Blood! Treason! Parricide! Who is there living

Can think of these, and keep his usual Temper?

Yet after all the labours of my Soul,

Th' Indignities I have with patience born,

To make revenge my own, which now seems ripe;

Waits on our Swords, and sues for Execution,

Thou goest about to blunt the edge of Justice,

And calmly criest it is impossible.

Pis. My Lord, I hate this Tyrant more than you.

My Fathers Murder, Brothers Banishment,

My own disgrace, have sworn me to his ruine.

Yet when you have heard the reasons I shall urge,

Not to rebate or slacken your just Anger,

But to draw back your arm, that with a force

Greater and surer it may execute.

What Heav'n, and your resentments have determin'd

You'll think your Servant has not judg'd amiss.

'Tis on this day th' Young Soldier brave *Valerio*,

Whose active Sword deserves a worthier Cause,

In warlike form makes his triumphant entry.

Alp. Still, still the better; Can we chuse a day

Fitter for our design? but that I've known thee

Of an experienc'd faith, I shou'd mistrust thee.

Then when his Slaves in their repeated Jo's

Their loud applauses, raise him to the Skies,

And place another's Laurels on his brows,

Then, then to clip the Wings of this proud Falcon.

When

When he soars highest, and sink him down to Hell,
Will be added to mount us up to Heav'n.

Pis. But Heav'n is sooner scal'd than this perform'd,
I mean this way, for sure my honour'd Lord

Has not forgot the custom of his *Naples*;
On the return of her Victorious Sons,

Who have with foreign Nations fought her battles,
None are t' appear in Arms, the day of Triumph,

Throughout the City or the Court, but those
The General shall appoint; to show,

That he who fought so well abroad, deserves
To rule at home: Shall we then to trust our fortunes

To the success of such a rash attempt?
Suppose us arm'd, yet how can we prevail

'Gainst such a multitude that will oppose us?
Alp. No matter, we are now by much too forward

To talk of going back, it will not be,
Surely fate interposes, and unravels

What our best care has been so long designing,
Must then my Soul be still lock'd up in Prison?

Fur'd up in darkness and the Womb of Night,
Ne're to walk forth again in her own Majesty?

Why have I reason and yet dare not use it?
A Soul for Empire born, yet live a Slave?

Pie do't my self: methinks I do behold
My Royal Father, and my murder'd Brother,

From yon' blue orb inciting me to action.
Now their pale Ghosts, all trembling full of horror,

Just as they fell, bloated with ranken poison,
In pitious action urge me to revenge:

Rest, rest in the cold beds of silent death,
Till loud revenge shall raise you, to behold,

And wonder at my Justice, then in a peal of Thunder
Let conscious Heav'n applaud my ministring hand.

Pis. My Lord, the day succeeding this o'th Triumph,
It being that on which he first was Crow'd,

The Tyrant dedicates to ease, and pleasure,
What hinders but we then compleat his ruine?

The Gates lye open to receive all Strangers,
You come to grace his Pride, and praise his Fortunes.

Alp. O my best Friend, had I the World to give,
It shou'd be thine for such another thought:

To do at then, will look as if high Heaven
Had

The Fruitless Revenge.

Had still presid'd o're our pious Counsels,
And th' hand of fate had led us to his ruine.
Hast my *Petruchio*, tell old honest *Pedro*,
The Gods are met in Council to determine,
And bless our high-resolves: the Circle of his Reign
Begins to be compleat; the Sun, that gave
His Empire birth, must light him to his Grave.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Frederick and Sorano.

Fred. COME to my Arms, my Father, Brother, Friend,
To thee thy *Frederick* owes his Life, and Crown,
And what he values more than both, his Love,
To thee he owes *Evanshe*, his *Evanshe*;
Shall she be mine? Shall the kind tender fair one
Soft'n the troubles of ill purchas'd power,
And Usurpation? Shall the Charms of Love
Silence the clamours of a guilty Conscience?

Sor. She shall be yours, she is already so;
Sorano is the Slave of your desires,
Ready to sing his Soul upon your Service,
Nay more his Love; for know I love her too;
My active Father, when he first inform'd
My Mother what a Woman was, ne're knew,
Desires like mine; but yet she shall be yours:
I that have made you great will make you happy.

Fr. Friend! Father! Brother! are too feeble names
To express my Love; I'll call thee my *Sorano*,
How has my Youth been hitherto mist?
Restless ambition, and the thirst of Empire,
Hung, like an Ague on my active Spirits,
Till beauty came to thaw the restiff Mass,
New fram'd my Soul, and taught me how to love.

Sor. Love then, and give a loose to your desires,
Let your Soul revel in those Charms, that drew
Great *Jove* himself from his Coelestial Throne,
To taste on Earth Joys he ne're knew in Heaven.

Fred. Yes I will Love, but I'll Love like a King;
Not quit my Majesty to be a Slave.

Whine out an Amorous tale, and dully ask,
On my Knees ask, for what I can Command;
In Thunder I'll embrace this *Semele*.

Ser. First try by gentle means to win her Love;
If those fall short, then force her to your Arms;
I've sent my Man unto her,
Upon some private business to come presently,
Hither she'll come, Your Grace dare speak unto her
Large golden promises and sweet Language, Sir
You know what they work, she's a compleat Courtier.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, your Servant waits.

Ser. Bid him come in, and bring the Lady with him.
She's coming in Sir.

Ev. Whither dost thou go?

This is the King's side, and his private Lodgings,
I have no private business through his Chambers,
To seek him this way; O my life I find it,
Thou art Drunk, or worse, hired to convey me hither
For some base end. The King here, and *Sorano*?
I find I'm trap't; now gentle Love inspire me,
And Honour help in this unequal Combat.

Ser. Nay shrink not back, the good King will not hurt you,
He Honours you, and Loves you.

Ev. My Lord, you once did Love, and Honour me.
So you have told me oft, and I believ'd it.

Ser. I do so still, my labours to advance you
Proclaim aloud how much I honour you.

Fred. Gentle *Evanthe*!

Ev. The gentle Queen is well I hear, and now returning home!

Fr. I talk not of the Queen, I talk of thee, sweet Flower.

Ev. Your Grace is pleasant to mistake a Nettle for a Rose.

Fr. No Rose nor Lilly, nor no glorious Hyacinth,
Are of that Whiteness, Sweetness, Tenderness,
Softness, and satisfying blessedness,
As my *Evanthe*!

Ev. Your Grace speaks very feelingly,
I would not be a handsome Wench in your way
For a new Gown.

Fr. Thou art all handfomess,
Nature will be asham'd to frame another,
Now thou art made, th' hast robb'd her of her cunning.
But Love *Evanthe*!

Exit W.

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Ap. Good

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Ev. Good your Grace be patient,
I shall make the worst honourable Wench;
Shame your Discretion, and your Choice.

Fr. Thou shalt not.

Ev. Shall I be Rich do you say and Glorious?

Fr. Thou shalt be any thing.

Ev. Let me be honest too, and then I'll thank you.
Have you not such a Title to bestow too?
If I prove otherwise, I would know but this,
Can all the power you have, or all the Riches,
But tie Men's Tongues up from discoursing of me,
Their Eyes from gazing at my glorious folly,
Time that shall come from wondering at my impudence,
And they that read my wanton life, from Curses.

Fr. Stay *Evantbe* I'll Marry thee.

Ev. What shall the Queen do then?

Fr. I'll be Divorc'd from her.

Ev. Can you tell why, What has she done against you?
Has she contriv'd a Treason 'gainst your Person,
Abus'd your bed, do's disobedience urge you?

Fr. 'Tis all one, 'tis my will.

Ev. 'Tis a most wicked one,
A most absurd one, and will show a Monster.
I had rather be a Whore, and with less sin,
To your present Lust, than Queen to your injustice.
I'll tell your Grace, so Dear I hold the Queen,
I'd first take me for my Love a Moor,
One of your Gally-Slaves, that cold, and hunger,
Decripit misery had made a mock Man,
Than be your Queen.

Fr. You are bravely resolute.

Ev. I had rather be a Leper, and be shunn'd,
And dye by pieces, rot into my Grave,
And leave no memory behind to know me,
Than be a high Whore to eternity.

Fr. Now my *Sorano*, where's that Resolution,
On which I fondly thought to build my Love?
Behold that frown; each look, each word she speaks,
At once inflame, and check my strong desires,
I'm like a wretched Slave, half starv'd to Death,
That has within his view a goodly Feast,
Yet dares not with one Morsel save his Life.

Unhappy Kindness: Or,

Ser. I know not what to think, some other gamester
Holds her in play, she durst not slight you else.

Fr. I'll find him out, tho' he lye next her heart;
Too cruel Maid will nothing win your Love?
Brought you those Excellencies to the World
To lock 'em in a Case, or hang 'em by you?
The use is all Nature bestow'd 'em for.

Ev. But how to use 'em right will be the hazard.

What's Beauty with a lame decrepit Soul?
Honour and Riches with a guilty Conscience?
A poor unhappy Orphan this Lord found me,
When I had nothing I could call my own;
But a variety of misery,
And with a tender hand reliev'd my wants;
Prefer'd me to your Noble Ladies Service,
Now my most Gracious Queen: where I have learn'd
And daily fed upon her virtuous precepts,
Still growing strong by example of her goodness:
And shall I now dare once but think to wrong her?
To violate the chaste Joys of her Bed?

Then farewell Vertue, and all truth in Woman.

You may find time out in Eternity,

Deceit, and Violence in heavenly Justice.

Life in the Grave, and Death among the blessed,

Sooner than tempt me to your vain illusions.

[Exit.]

Fr. She's gone and flew like swiftest Lightning from me,

But left a sting behind her as she went.

Shall I that broke all bars, that cou'd oppose me

In my pursuit of large imperial power,

And in a Purple torrent swim to Empire,

Bear any opposition in my Love?

I must, *Sorano*, *Frederick* must enjoy her,

Tho' she turns fury in my circling Arms,

And breaths forth in her Kisses swift destruction.

Ser. Strive for the present to compose your self,

And with fair Signs of Love receive *Kalerio*,

Tho' you have mark't him down for death smile on him.

Fr. Yes my *Sorano*, the proud Slave must dye;

For I remember in my Father's time,

Who bred him with his Sons, one Table fed,

One Tutor taught, and one Purse still supply'd us;

Now he in scorn would laugh at my slow progress,

Wh' Exercises he grew Master of,

The Fruitless Revenge.

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Outrivaling my best performances;
For which I then did envy, and still hate him.
Besides he grows too popular, and looks
With a suspicious Eye upon my greatness.

Sor. Think him, my Lord, and curse *Alphonso* nothing,
Whom, tho' distracted, still the People love,
Death waits my pleasure and stands ready for 'em.

Enter Alphonso with Priests and 2 or 3 Courtiers more.

Alph. You say true, my Lord, *Jafon* was the man; but what are the times
to us? they'll burst and stink when once they are swoln with Surfeits;
stink so abominably that all the world shall smell 'em.

Pr. What faith my Lord?

Alph. I say 'tis possible for poor men to offend, and great forgive, but it
must not be in the Dog-days. Was you ever in Love?

1. Cour. Yes, my good Lord.

Alph. If you have a strong faith then you may be saved, but you must first
learn to ravish twenty or thirty coy Wenches in a morning; tho' here they are
so willing 'tis a complement, for Sir you may be a Bawd; and yet counted
an honest man.

Fr. How do you Brother?

Alph. Well, I thank you, sound in body, and in my right wits; tho' some
hold there's a great difference between a high born Princess and a Cow-
keepers Daughter, but of this you may consult your Council.

Fr. Trust me! it makes me weep to see you thus.

Al. I would bear you Company, but the world goes on so merrily I can't find
in my heart, ha, ha, ha! Do you see that old Lord there? he lost his wits
for want of preferment; but hush you'll tell the King. Your pardon, my
Lord I did not see you.

Sor. My Lord *Alphonso*.

Alph. Wipe your mouth before you speak, my Lord, you'll spoil your
Speech else.

*[A warlike Shout within. The Scene draws and discovers a Royal Throne on which
the King places himself, then Valerio enters in a Triumphant manner, being
ushered in with a Song.]*

Fr. Rise, to my arms, *Valerio*.

And as a just Reward of all thy Labours

Accept my Love, and to confirm that Love,

Ask what thou wilt, thou shalt not ask in vain.

Instruct thy King, teach him what he must do

To show how much he loves such early service.

Val. Low on my Knees I thank my royal Master,

And may I be most infamously wretched,

When I forget my Duty to my King.

Thus then encourag'd I dare boldly ask,

Not

Not as a just Reward to crown my labours,
 For know, Sir, 'tis a gift above all merit;
 Were I as great as ever *Cæsar* was,
 Like *Pompey* just, or *Alexander* valiant;
 Were all th' exalted Vertues of mankind
 Blended together to inform one Soul,
 Were that Soul plac'd in a majestic body,
 Blest with an everlasting youth and beauty,
 Yet would *Evanthe* far exceed that wonder.
 And her your Soldier asks for on his knees;
 Joyn your our hands, my Lord, as Love has joyn'd our hearts.

Fr. Ha, my *Sorano*! dost thou hear the Traitor?
Kal. *Evanthe* sent *Valerio* to the field,
 For her I suffer'd all the toils of War;
 Summer Fateigues, and tedious Winter Colds;
Evanthe led the Soldier forth to fight,
Evanthe gave the word of battle, fought,
 Conquer'd, and here she comes to crown my Triumph.

Evan. And here she comes to die within these Arms,
 If Fate has not ordain'd she should live there.
Kal. Live and breed wonders for succeeding ages,
 Be like a never emptied spring of joys,
 Sweeter than life, lovely as spotless honour;
 Here let me press thee in the arms of Love,
 Close to my breast, to which thou art far dearer
 Than my own heart that sallies forth to meet thee.

Evan. What shall I say to answer all thy kindness?
 I love like thee, but have no time to talk;
 But fly to view the mansion of my bliss,
 Where my blest ears so often have been fed
 With the soft notes of kind indulgent love;
 My busy eyes in haste survey thee round,
 For fear I should be torn for ever from thee,
 Before they have renew'd their old acquaintance.

Kal. For fear thou should'st be torn for ever from me?
 Life cannot part, and Death shall ne'er divide us.
 So well *Valerio* loves thee, O *Evanthe*,
 That to be thine for one short month I'd give
 My present fortune, hopes of future greatness,
 That scene of joys which I still hope to find
 Lasting as age in my *Evanthe's* arms.
 The Sun may move and change the face of Nature;
 We'll know no change, but blest in one another,
 Eternal love and never fading pleasures

Enter Evanthe

I shall

The Fruitless Revenge.

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Shall fill the course of each revolving year.

Fr. Guards separate those two.

Val. VVhat means your Highness?

Fr. To interrupt you, Sir, lest you should surfeit.

And lose your self in your imagin'd bliss.

Thou rash presumptuous Fool that art so prodigal
Of love and service, but much more of thy life.

Val. I was, Sir, once, when in the face of Death
I fought the Cause of an ungrateful Master.

What have I done, Sir, to deserve your anger?

If it be error to desire to marry,

And marry her that Sanctity would dote on,

I have done amiss; if it be a Treason

To graft my Soul to Vertue, and to grow there,

To love the Tree that bears such happiness;

Nay, to desire to taste too, I am a Traitor.

Had you but Plants enough of this blest Tree,

Set round about your Court to beautify it,

Deaths twice as many to dismay th' Approchers,

The ground would scarce yeild Graves to noble Lovers.

Pis. aside to Al.] This goes as we could wish, for now *Valeria*

Enrag'd at Frederick's unjust Refusal,

Will with more ease be won to our Desires,

Love and Revenge have made him ours already.

Al. Love and Revenge? will those two powerful Ministers

Prevail with him that's deaf to Honours call?

Can he, who has with Resolution born

On his Sword's point the Quarrel of a Nation,

Yeild up his Life so tamely for a Woman?

Howe're I'll take him when his manlier Vertues

Sit o're his Soul, and bring him home to honour.

Val. As for my Life I've hitherto prefer'd it,

And wear it now only to do you service,

How I have serv'd you, Sir, these here can witness,

I have some wounds too may plead strongly for me,

But since you have deny'd my first Request,

All other Offers, tho it was your Crown,

Bright as it is, I wou'd with scorn look down on.

Fr. 'Tis well maintain'd. Just now I think you will.

So much you dote upon your own undoing,

But for one month I enjoy her as your VVife,

Tho at th' expiring of that time you die for it.

Val. I could with many ages, Sir,

To grow as old as Time in her Embraces,

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If Heaven wou'd grant it and you smile upon it,
But if my Choice were two hours and then perish,
I wou'd not pull my Heart back.

Fr. You have your wish,
Immediately I'll see you nobly married.

Your time take out in all content and pleasure,
But when that time's expir'd you must die for it.
Kneel not; not all your Prayers can divert me.

'Tis true, immediate Death should be your doom,
But you have done some service that pleads for you.
Now mark your Sentence, mark it scornful Lady,

If, when *Valerio's* dead, within twelve hours,
For that's your latest time, you find not out
Another Husband on the same condition
To marry you again, you die your self too.

Ev. Now you are merciful, I thank your Grace.

Fr. If when y^e are married you but seek t^e escape
Out of the Kingdom, you, or she, or both;
Or to infect mens minds with hot Commotions.

You die both instantly: will you love me now Lady;
My Tale will now be heard, but now I scorn you.

Ev. Is our fair Love, our honest and entire,
Come to this hazard.

Val. 'Tis a noble one!

Envy could nor have studied me a way,
Nor Fortune pointed out a Path to Honour
Straighter, and nobler, if she had her Eyes.

VVhen I have once enjoy'd my sweet *Embrace*,
And blest my Youth with her most dear Embraces,
I have done my Journey here, my Day is out;

All that the world has else is foolery;
Labour, and loss of time; what should I live for?
Think but Man's life a month, and we are happy.

A Paradise, as thou art my *Embrace*,
Is only made to wonder at a little,
Enough for humane Eyes, and then to wander from:

Come grudge not my felicity,

Ev. I'll to the Queen his Mother.

Val. Do any thing that's honest,

But if you sue to him in death I hate you.
Friends we must have a Masque, I think *Camilla*,
You are a Poet, pray let me beg this courtiesie.

Cam. I'm glad to see you merry, Sir.

Val. Twon'd make you merry had you such a VVife,
And such an age t' enjoy her in.

Men. An age, Sir.

Val. Is't not age to him that is contented?
What should I seek for more? such Youth and Beauty.

Cl. We confess you happy, but on what Price, my Lord?

Val. Twere nothing else,

No Man can ever come to aim at Heaven,
But through the knowledge of an Hell. Who would live long?
Who would be old? 'tis such a weariness,
Such a disease, it hangs like Lead upon us,
As it increases, so vexations,
Griefs of the Mind, Pains of the feeble Body,
Rheums, Coughs, Catarrhs, we are but our living Coffins.
Besides the fair Soul's sold too, it grows covetous,
Which shows all Honour is departed from us,
And we are Earth again.

Cl. You make fair use, Sir.

Val. I would not live to learn to lye, *Cleanthes*,
For all the world; old men are prone to that too.
Thou that hast been a Soldier *Menallo*,
Adopted thy brave Arm the Heir to Victory
Would'st thou live so long till thy strength forsook thee,
Till thou grew'st only a long tedious Story,
Of what thou hast been, till thy Sword hung by,
And lazy Spiders fill'd the Hilt with Cobwebs?

Men. No sure I wou'd not.

Val. 'Tis not fit thou shou'd'st,
To dye a Young man is to be an Angel,
Our great good parts put Wings upon our Souls.
They stay sure, come; I hear the Musick call us.

[Exit with Camillo.]

Men. We will attend you; Marriage and Hanging go by Destiny; 'tis
the old Proverb, now they come together, here comes the Ld. *Alphonso*: how
happy had we been if he had reign'd.

Enter Alphonso.

Al. Tho he is hasty, and his Anger Death;
His Will like Torrents not to be resisted,
Yet Law and Justice go along to guide him;
And what Law or what Justice can he find
To justify his Will?

Cl. He seems concern'd.

Men. One of his melancholy Fits that ne're last long.

Alp. Yet after all Death is unwelcome never,
 Unless it be to tortur'd and sick Souls.
 That make their own Hells here on Earth.
 The poor Slave that lies private, has his Liberty
 As amply as his Master in the Grave;
 The Earth as light upon him, and the Flowers
 That grow about him, smell as sweet and flourish.
 But whensoever it comes crown'd with Honour,
 When Memory and Vertue are our Mourners,
 What pleasures shall we then find in the Grave!

Cl. How does your Lordship?

Al. Very well; one, two, three, you can't hurt me for all that.

Cl. What thinks your Lordship of this Wedding?

Alp. They have given him a hot Custard, and mean to burn his mouth with it.

Men. Pray, my Lord, what News? these Wars have made us Strangers to the Court.

Alp. You may be honest, and grow old as I am, and blow your fingers ends.

Men. My Lord, that's no News.

Alp. You may be Knaves then when you please, stark Knaves, and build fair Houses, but your Heirs shall have none of 'em.

Men. These are undoubted.

Al. Truth is not worth the hearing: I'll tell you News then, there was a drunken Sailer that got a Mermaid with Child as she went a milking, and now she sues him in the Bawdy Court for it; the Infant Monster is brought up in *Fish street*.

Cl. Ay, this is something.

Al. I'll tell you more, because y' are Soldiers; there was a Fish taken, a monstrous Fish, with a Sword by his side, a long Sword, a Pike in his Neck, and a Gun in his Nose, and Letters of Mart in his Mouth, from the Duke of *Florence*.

Men. With submission, my Lord, this sounds something odly.

Al. I do confess it; do you think I wou'd tell you truths, that dare not hear 'em? You are honest things, we Courtiers scorn to converse with.

Men. He'll grow mad anon and beat us, let us to the Masque. [*Exeunt.*]

Al. Can there be any nature so un noble,
 Or anger so inhumane to pursue this?

Yes he, that cou'd not hear the voice of nature
 That call'd aloud, when by his barbarous hands
 A Father fell, will have his Ears seal'd up
 In the commission of a meaner Act.

The Fruitless Revenge.

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Enter Pedro, Pisano, and Petruchio.

Ped. Marry'd ! yes, when I mean to be hang'd ; 'tis the surer Contract.

Al. Was not the Monster ripe for Hell already.

He shou'd live something longer, to complet
This last design, and make his damning sure.

Ped. Why don't we about it then ? What do we stand preaching for ?
You, my Lords, may have your quirks and quiddles, your times and occasions ; but I know no more than a Word and a Blow ; let us first cut his throat, and talk on't afterwards.

Al. Nay we'll do more than talk, the fatal thread,
Which held the Sword of Justice o're his head,
H' has cut himself to make destruction sure.
The evening of his Reign draws on apace.
But if we don't with timely care prevent him,
He'll mark his way with ruine as he falls,
And like a fiery Meteor set in blood.

Ped. Why, 'so it be his own 'tis no matter. Why are we not in arms,
and the whole City given to know —

Al. Discreetly and privately it must be done, 'twill misse else, and prove
our ruines ; when you all hear the Castle Bell take courage and stand like
Men ; mean time be near his person to avoid suspicion. I must into the
presence, my Mother's fears will work else.

[*Exit cum Pisano and Petruchio.*]

[*Scene draws and discovers the Court seated for the Masque, that ended the
King speaks.*]

Fr. Come to the Banquet, Sir, when that's ended
I'll see you in your Bed, and then good night.
Be merry ; you have a sweet Bedfellow.

Val. I thank your Grace, and ever shall be bound unto your Nobleness !

Fr. I pray I may deserve that thanks, let forward.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

D 2

ACT

ACT III SCENE I

Sorano Solus.

Sor. **T**O love and be with Scorn and Pride rejected,
 To see another revel in those Joys,
 Those sweet Delights, I now must never hope for !
 Love at the best, tho crown'd with soft complance,
 Is but a sickly transport of the mind,
 A weakness wise men ever were asham'd of ;
 Then when 'tis hopeless, what brave Soul can bear it ?
 Yet still I love, and loving must enjoy.
 I feel that Fire I once hop'd quite extinct,
 Dilate it self with a redoubled fury.
 The King, and this *Valerio* stand betwixt
 Me and my hopes ; therefore both shall dye.
 Him I'll make odious for *Valerio's* death,
 And mad *Alphonso's*, what's the consequence ?
 The people, mischief-ripe, rais'd by my power,
 Shall kill the Tyrant, and at once make way
 For Love and my Ambition. Here comes one
 Ripe for the combat, and those fancy'd joys
 Which like a shadow still shall fly before him. [*Enter Val.*]

Val. They drink abundantly. I'm hot with Winetoo,
 Lustily warm. I'll steal now to my happiness.
 'Tis midnight, and the silent hours invite me.
 The Dew of Wine and Sleep hang on their Eye-lids ;
 Sleep their dull senses in the healths they drink,
 That I may quickly find my lov'd *Evamho*.

Sor. How brisk he is ; but I shall quickly cool him,
 Make him with he were dead on's Marriage night,
 Or bedrid with old age.

Val. Is not the end of our ambitions,
 Of all our humane studies,
 Obtaining of our wishes ?
 Certain it is ; and there man makes his center.
 I have my wish, what's left me to accuse now ?
 Un friends with all the world but thy base malice. [*To Sor.*]

Go, glory in thy mischeifs, thou proud man,
And cry it to the world thou hast ruin'd vertue.

Ser. You'll sing me a new Song anon *Valerio*,
And with these hot words—

Val. I despise thee fellow,
Thy threats, or flatteries, all I sling behind me,
I have obtain'd *Desante*, I have marry'd her,
And Fate shall not wich-hold me from enjoying her.

Ser. 'Tis very likely,

Val. And that short time I have to bless me with her,
I'll make an age. I'll reckon each embrace
A year of pleasure, and each night a jubilee;
Ev'ry quick kiss a spring, and when I mean
To lose my self in all delightfulness,
Twenty sweet Summers I will tye together;
I will dye old in love, tho young in pleasure.

Ser. But that I hate thee deadly, I could pity thee;
Thou art the poorest miserable thing
This day on earth, I'll tell thee why *Valerio*:
All thou esteemest, and build'st upon for happiness,
For joy, for pleasure, for delight, is past thee,
And like a wanton dream already vanish.

Val. Is my Love false?

Ser. No, she is constant to thee;
Constant to all thy misery she shall be,
And curse thee too.

Val. Is my strong body weaken'd,
Charm'd, or abus'd with subtle drink?

Ser. Neither: I dare speak thee still as lusty,
As when thou lov'd'st her first, as strong and hopeful.
The month th' hast given thee is a month of misery,
And where thou think'st each hour shall yield a pleasure,
Look for a killing pain, for thou shalt find it.
Before thou diest each minute shall prepare it,
And ring so many Knells to sad afflictions.

Val. Undo thy Riddle, I am prepar'd whatever fate shall follow.

Ser. Dost thou see this Ring?

Val. Yes, and know it too, 'tis the King's.

Ser. Then mark me, by virtue of this Ring this I pronounce thee
'Tis the King's will.

Val. Let me know it suddenly.

Ser. If thou dost offer to touch *Desante's* body,
Beyond a kiss, tho thou art marry'd to her,

And lawfully, as thou thinkst, mayst enjoy her,
That minute she shall dye.

Val. O Devil —

Ser. If thou discover this command unto her,
Or to a Friend that shall importune thee,
Ye both perish.

Upon the self same forfeit; how falls your month out now, Sir?
Now if you love her you may preserve her life still,
If not you know the worst.

Val. This Tyranny could never be invented
But in the Schools of Hell, Earth is too innocent,
Not to enjoy her when she is my Wife:
Thou canst not be so monstrous,
As thou proclaimest thy self; thou once didst Love her;
And there must be a feeling heart within thee,
Of her afflictions, wert thou a stranger to us,
And bred amongst wild Rocks, thy nature wild too,
And unrelenting, as the Rocks that nourish thee,
Yet thou must shake to tell me this, they tremble,
When the rude Sea threatens divorce amongst 'em,
They that are senseless things shake at a Tempest.
Thou art a Man —

Ser. Be thou then too. 'twill try thee,
And patience now will best become thy Nobleness:
See you observe it well, you will find about you
Many eyes set, that will observe your Actions:
If you transgress, you know — and so I leave you. *Exit.*

Val. The tale of *Tantalus* is now prov'd true,
And from me shall be registred Authentick.
Sure I walk in a mist, and with that silence
As if I was the shroud I wrapt my self in,
And no more of *Valerio* but his shadow.

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo.

Cam. Where have we lost the Bridegroom? sure he is gone to bed.

Men. No, here he is thinking no doubt on this nights happiness.

Cam. Cheer up my Noble Lord, the Minutes come,
You shall enjoy the abstract of all sweetness,
We did you wrong, you need no Wine to warm you,
Desire shoots through your Eyes like sudden Wildfires.

Val. In troth my Lords, the Wine has made me dull,
I am I know not what.

Cl. O there's a Lady coming will inform you.

The Fruitless Revenge.

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Enter Frederick and Sorano.

Fr. Tho there are left small hopes for his recovery,
That hope still lives, and Mens eyes live upon it.
And in their eyes their wishes for *Alphonso*;
Were he but cold once in the silent Grave,
As 'tis the fittest place for Melancholy,
My Court should be another Paradise,
And flow with all delights.

Sor. Go to your pleasures let me alone with this;
But mark the Man you'll scarce know 'tis *Valerio*.

Fr. Good pleasure to you,
Good night, and long too, as you find your appetite.
You may fall to.

Val. I do beseech your Grace
For which of all my faithful services
Have I deserv'd this?

Fr. I am not bound to answer you.

Val. Nor I bound to obey in unjust actions.

Fr. Do as you please, you know the Penalty;
And as I have a Soul it shall be executed.

Nay look not pale I am not us'd to fear, Sir.
If you respect your Lady good night to you. [*Ex. cum Sor.*]

Val. But for respect to her, and to my duty,
Which anger has no power to rob me of,
The good night shoud be thine, good night for ever.
How my heart trembles
And beats my breast, as it wou'd break it's way out.
Good night my noble friends.

Cl. Nay, we must see you towards your bed, my Lorde.

Val. Indeed, it needs not, 'tis late, and I shall trouble you.

Cam. No, no, till the Bride come, Sir.

Val. I beseech you leave me.

You will make me bashful, I am so foolish,
Besides I have some few devotions, Lords,
And he that can pray with such a book in his arms.

Cam. We'll leave you then, and a sweet night wait on you.

Men. And a sweet issue of this sweet night crown you.

Cl. All nights and days be such till you grow old, Sir.

Val. I thank ye: 'tis a curse sufficient for me,

A labour'd one too, tho you mean a blessing.
What shall I do? I'm like a wretched Debtor,
That has a sum to tender on the forfeit
Of all he's worth, yet dare not offer it.
Other men see the Sun, but I must wink at it,
And tho I know 'tis perfect day deny it.

Exit

I must enjoy her, yet when I consider
The Tyrant's will, and his power taught to murder,
My tender care controuls my blood within me,
And like a cold fit of a peevish Ague
Creeps to my Soul, and flings an Ice upon me.

Enter 2. Mother, Evanthe, and Lady.

Q. M. Evanthe, make ye unready, your Lord stays for you,
And prithe be merry.

Ev. Your Grace desires what is too free in me,
I am so taken up in all my thoughts,
So possesse, Madam, with the lawful sweets,
I shall this night partake of with my Lord,
So far transported, pardon my immodesty,
That tho they must be short, and snatcht away too,
Ere they grow ripe, yet I shall far prefer 'em
Before a tedious pleasure with Repentance.

Val. O how my heart akes!

Q. M. I thank thee heartily
For learning how to use thy few hours handsomly,
They will be years I hope.

Ev. Good night, dear Madam.
Ladies, no farther service, I am well:
I do beseech your Grace to give us this leave;
My Lord and I to one another freely,
And privately may do all other Ceremonies,
Woman and Page we'll be to one another,
And trouble you no farther.

Q. M. Why then good night, good night, my best *Evanthe*,
Thou worthy Maid, and as that name shall vanish,
A worthy Wife, a long and happy.

Ev. That shall be my care.

Q. M. Be chearful Lord, and take your Lady to ye,
And that power that shall part you be unhappy.

Val. Sweet rest unto ye, to you all sweet Ladies. [Exit *Q. M. &c.*

Ev. Will you to bed my Lord, come let me help you.

Val. To bed, *Evanthe*; art thou sleepy?

Ev. No; but I shall be worse if you look sad upon me;
Pray let's to bed.

Val. I am not well, my Love.

Ev. I'll make you well; there's no such Physick for you,
As your warm Mistress's arms.

Val. Art thou so cunning?

Ev. I speak not by experience, pray mistake not,
But if you love me—

Val.

Val. I do love so dearly,
So much above the base bent of desire,
I know not how to answer thee.

Ev. To bed then,
There I shall better credit you : Fie, my Lord,
Will you put a Maid to't, to teach you what to do,
An innocent Maid, are you so cold a Lover?
This is no stolen Love, or a sin we cover.

Val. May I not love thy Mind?

Ev. And I yours too,
'Tis a most noble one adorn'd with Virtue.
But if we love not one another really,
And put our Bodies and our Minds together,
And so make up the concord of affection,
Our love will prove but a blind superstition.
This is no School to argue in, my Lord,
Nor have we time to talk away allow'd us,
Come kiss me and to bed.

Val. That I dare do, and kiss again.

Ev. Spare not they are your own.

Val. My Veins are all on Fire, and burn like *Ætna*,
Youth, and desire beat Larums to my Blood,
And add fresh fuel to my warm affections.
Hast thee, *Evamê*, to the Genial bed,
The happy Scene of our approaching Bliss,
And Joys blest Lovers never knew before;
Yes we will love, not all the powers on Earth,
Or Hell it self shall ever hope to part us.
Each Minute as it swiftly glides along,
Shall bear the pleasures of whole Ages with it,
And witness to the rest our spotless Love,
Great Love himself, with his officious Wings,
Ev'n in the midst of all our furious transports
Shall gently raise and strengthen our desires.

Ev. Come lets dispatch then.

Ev. It will not be, for when I weigh her danger,
The thoughts of that lock up all powers of youth,
O what a blessedness 'twere to be old now,
Or half on Crutches to meet holy *Hymen* so
That that speaks other men most freely happy,
And makes all eyes hang on their expectations,
Youth, and Ability must prove my bane.

Ev. Fie, fie my Lord, if any one should come,
And find us as this distance, what would they think of us?

Val. Not to enjoy thee is to be luxurious
O how I burn! to pluck thee from the stalk, I had all kinds of right
Where now thou grow'st a sweet and heavenly Flower, and thou wilt
And bear'st the prime, and honour of the Garden, and thou wilt
Is but to violate thy Spring, and spoil thee

Ev. To let me blow, and fall alone would anger ye,

Val. Let's sit together thus, and as we sit
Feed on the sweets of one another's Souls
Where no alloy of actual dull desires,
Of humane fire, that burns out as it kindles,
Can ever mix, let's fix on that, *Evambe*,
That's everlasting, the other casual,
Eternity breeds one, the other Fortunate
Blind as her self, and full of all Afflictions,
Shall we love virtuously?

Ev. I ever lov'd so.

Val. And only think our love the rarest pleasure,
And that we most desire, let it be humane,
If once enjoy'd, grows stale, and cloy's our appetite
I would not lessen in my love for any thing,
Nor find thee but the same in my short journey,
For my loves safety.

Ev. Now I see I'm old, Sir,
Old, and ill-favour'd too, poor, and despis'd,
And am not worthy your noble fellowship
Your fellowship in Love, you would not else
Thus cunningly seek to betray a Maid;
Strive to abuse the pious love she brings you;
Farwel, my Lord, since you have another Mistress.

Val. Stay, my *Evambe*,
Heav'n bear em witness, thou art all I love,
All I desire, and now have put on me,
As I shall want it much. Forgive me Justice;
Youth, and affection stop your ears unto me.

Ev. Why do you Weep, if I have spoke too harshly,
And unbecoming my belov'd Lord,
My care and duty pardon me.

Val. O hear me,
Hear me, *Evambe*; I am all on to you,
And this lye tears my Conscience as a whip.
I am no Man.

Ev. How Sir!

Val. No Man for pleasure, no Womens Man.

Ev. Goodness forbid, my Lord, sure you abuse yourself.

Val. 'Tis true, *Evamibe*,

Ev. He weeps bitterly.

'Tis my hard fortune, bless all young Maids from it,
Is there on help my Lord in art will comfort ye.

Val. I hope there is.

Ev. 'Tis hard to die for nothing;

Now you shall know 'tis not the pleasure, Sir,
That Women aim at, I affect you for,
'Tis for your Worth, nay I still honour you,
And with all duty to my Husband follow you;
Will you to bed now, you are assur'd it seems;
Pigmalion pray'd, and his cold stone took life,
You do not know with what zeal I shall ask, Sir,
And what rare miracle that may work on you
Still blush? prescribe your Law.

Val. I prithee pardon me,

To bed, and I'll sit by thee, and mourn with thee.
I pray to Heaven when I am gone, *Evamibe*,
As my poor date is but a Span of Time now,
To recompence thy noble patience,
Thy Love, and Vertue, with a fruitful Husband,
Honest, and Honourable.

Ev. Come you have made me weep now.

All fond desires die, here, and welcome Chastity;
As for this Tyrant, we'll so torture him,
With such a pious scorn, that we will shake him;
And when *Valerio*, and *Evamibe* sleep
In rosy rich Earth, hūng round about with blessings,
He shall grow mad with shame, repent too late,
And sink i th' ruines of our happier fate.

The end of the third Act.

ACT.

A C T V

Enter Frederick.

Fr. **M**ethinks the Sun this morning mounts the Sky,
With a pale face, and Death plays in his Beams.

Why, be it so, they dart it on *Alphonso*;

But add new life to my continu'd pleasures.

Sorano's always witty in his miseries,

To Poyson him, and by my Mothers hand,

Will be a double stroke, and sweep away

The only bars, that check my sweet delights.

Could I but gain this Maid too I were happy.

Come hither Time, how does your noble Mistress?

Cass. As a Gentlewoman may do in her Case, that's newly married.

Sickly, and fond on't, and please your Majesty.

Fr. She's breeding then, and eats good Broths and Jellies?

Cass. I'm sure she sighs, Sir, and weeps, good Lady.

Fr. Alas good Lady for it!

She shou'd have one could comfort her.

Could turn those Tears to Joys, a lunny comforter.

Cass. A comfortable man does well at all hours,

For he brings comfortable things.

Fr. Come hither, and hold your Fan between, you have eaten Onions;

Her breath stinks like a Fox, her teeth are Contagious,

These old Women are all Elder Pipes, do you mark me. He gives her a

Purse.

Cass. But does your Grace think I am fit, that am both old and vertuous.

Fr. Therefore the fitter, the older still the better,

I know thou art as holy as an old Cope.

Yet upon necessary use—

Cass. 'Tis true,

Her feeling sense is fierce still; speak unto her,

You are familiar, speak I say unto her,

Cass. Alas

Cass. Alas she's honest Sir, she's very honest,
And wou'd you have my gravity?

Fr. I, I, your gravity will become the Cause the better:
I'll look thee out a Knight shall make thee a Lady too,
A lusty Knight, and one that shall be rul'd by thee.
Come, come, no ducking out of nicety,
But do it home, we'll all be friends too tell her,
And such a Joy —

Cass. That's it that stirs me up, Sir.
I wou'd not for the world attempt her Chastity,
But that they may live lovingly together.

Fr. For that I urge it too.

Cass. A little evil may well be suffer'd for a general good,
I'll take my leave of your Grace.

Fr. Go and be fortunate, I know he wants no additions to his tortures.
He has enough for humane blood to carry,
So many, that I wonder his hot Youth,
And high bred Spirit breaks not into Fury.
Yet I must torture him a little further,
My anger is too poor else. Here they come.
Th' old Woman seems an earnest advocate.
They are strange things, but I must not be seen.

Enter *Evanshe* and *Cassandra*

Ev. You think it fit then, Mortified *Cassandra*,
That I shou'd be a Whore?

Cass. If every woman, that upon necessity
Did a good turn, were term'd a Whore,
Who wou'd be honest.
Your Lords life, and your own, are now in hazard.
Two precious lives may be redeem'd with nothing:
That we call lust; that Maidens loose their fame for,
But a Compell'd necessity of honour,
Fair as the day, and clear as innocence,
Upon my life and conscience, a direct way —

Ev. To be a Devil.

Cass. 'Tis a kind of rape too,
That keeps you clear; for where the will's compell'd
Tho' you yield up your body, you are safe still.

Ev. Thou art grown a learned Bawd, I ever lookt
Thy great sufficiency wou'd break out.

Cass. You may
You that are young and fair envy us old Creatures.

But you must know my years e're you be wife,
And my experience too. Say the King lov'd ye,
Do you think Princes favours are such trifles,
To fling away when you please? there are young Ladies,
Both fair, and honourable, that wou'd leap to reach 'em.

Ev. They are the wiser for it; but canst thou tell me
Tho' he be a King whether he be found or no?
I wou'd not give my youth up to infection.

Cass. As sound as honour ought to be I think.

Ev. But when I have lain with him, what am I then?

Cass. What are you? why the same you are now, a woman,
A virtuous woman, and a noble woman,
Touching at what is noble you become so.

Had *Lucretia* e're been thought of, but for *Ti. Quin*,
She was before a Simple unknown woman,
When she was ravish't, she was a reverent Str,
And do you think she yielded not a little,
And had a kind of will to be re-ravish't:

Ev. But suppose the King shou'd so delight me,
I shou'd forget my Lord, and no more look on him?

Cass. That's the main hazard, for I tell you truly,
I've heard report speak him an infinite pleasure.

Ev. Peace, thou old Bawd, thou studied old corruptness,
Dost thou seek to make me dote on wickedness,
Because 'tis ten times worse than thou deliver'st it?

To be a Whore, O thou Impudence!
Have I reliev'd thy Age to my own ruin?

And worn thee in my bosom to betray me?
Can years, and Impotence win nothing on thee?

That's good and honest, but thou must go on still,
And where thy Blood wants heat to in thy self,
Force thy decrepid will to make me wicked?

Cass. I did but tell ye —

Ev. What the damndest Woman,
The cunningest, and most skillfull Bawd, comes short of.

If thou hadst liv'd ten ages to be damnd in,
And exercis'd this art the Devil taught thee,

Thou couldst not have express'd it more exactly.

Cass. I did not bid you —

Ev. Thou wood'st me to sit still & away,
Thou that art fit for Prayer, and the Grave,

Thy Body Earth already, and Corruption,
Thou taught'st the way; go follow your fine Function,
There are houses of Delight, that want good Matrons,

Such

The Fruitless Revenge.

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Such grave Instructors, get thee thither, Monster,
And read varitey of Sins to Wantons,
And when they roar with pains then learn to pity 'em.

Cass. This we have for our good will;

Ev. When thou want'st bread, and common pity towards thee;
When thou art starving in a Ditch, think on me,
Then die and let the wandring Bawds lament thee.
Begone I charge thee leave me. [Exit Cassandra.]

Enter Frederick.

Fr. She's angry, and the other gone, my suits cold.
I'll make your heart ake, stubborn Maid, for this.

Turn not so angry from me, I will speak to you;
Are you grown proud with your delight, good Lady,
So pamper'd with your sport, you scorn to know me?

Ev. I scorn you not, I wish you scorn'd not me, Sir;
And forc't me to be weary of my duty.
I know your Grace, would I had never seen you.

Fr. Because I love, because I dore upon you,
Because I am a man, that seek to please you —

Ev. I've one already, Sir, that can content me,
As much, as noble, and as worthy of me
As all the world can yield.

Fr. That's but your modesty.
You have no man, nay never look upon me,
I know it Lady, no man to content ye;
No man that can, or at the least that dares,
Which is a poorer man, and nearer nothing.

Ev. Be nobler Sir inform'd.

Fr. I'll, tell you, Madam,
The poor condition of this poorer Fellow,
And make you blush for shame at your own error.
He has not render'd yet a Husbands duty
To your warm longing Bed.

Ev. How shou'd he know that?

Fr. I'm sure he did not, for I charg'd him no,
Upon his life I charg'd him, but to try him.
Cou'd any brave or hoble spirit stop here?
Was life to be prefer'd before affection,
Lawful and long'd for too?

Ev. Did you command him?

Fr. I did in policy, to try his spirit.

Ev. And cou'd he be so dead cold to oblige it?

Brought

Brought I no Love nor Beauty along with me?

Fr. I shou'd have lov'd him if he had ventur'd for it,
Nay doted on his bravery.

Ev. Only charg'd, and with that spell sit down : dare men fight bravely
For poor slight things, for drink or ostentation
And there indanger both their lives and fortunes?
And for their lawful loves fly off with fear?
I wou'd have died a thousand deaths.

Fr. So wou'd any,
Any that had the spirit of a Man.

I wou'd have been kill'd, in your Arms.

Ev. I wish I had been,
And bury'd in my arms, that had been noble
And what a Monument wou'd I have made him!
Upon my breast he shou'd have slept in peace,
Honour, and everlasting love his Mourners;
And I still weeping 'till old time had turn'd me,
And pitying powers above, into pure Chrystal.

Fr. Hadst thou lov'd me, and had my way been stuck
With deaths, as thick as frosty nights with Stars,
I wou'd have ventur'd.

Ev. Good Sir afflict me not too fast, I feel
I am a Woman, and a wrong'd one too,
And I am sensible of my abuses.

Fr. All reason, and all Laws allow it ye.

Ev. You may speak now, and happily prevail too.
And I beseech your Grace be angry with me.

Fr. If I shou'd give him life he wou'd betray thee,
That fool that fears to die for such a Beauty,
Wou'd for the same fear sell thee unto misery.

I do not say he set your Woman on you.

Ev. Follow'd thus far, nay then I smell the malice,
It tastes too hot of practis'd wickedness.

Shall my Anger make me Whore, and not my pleasure?
My sudden inconsiderate rage abuse me?

Fr. Nor he wou'd have been himself Solicitor.

Ev. Nor do not dare, 'twill be an Imprudence,
And not an honour for a Prince to lye.

Fr. How lye?

Ev. Shamefully, and I cou'd wish my self a man but one day,
To tell you openly you lye too basely.

Fr. Take heed wild fool.

Ev. Take heed thou tame Devil,
Thou all Pandora's box in a Kings figure;

Thou hast almost whor'd my weak belief already,
And like an Engineer blown up my Honour,
But I shall countermine, and catch your mischief.
Victorious *Thomyris*, ne'er won more honour,
In cutting off the Royal Head of *Cyrus*,
Than I shall do in conquering thee, farewell.
And if thou canst be wise learn to be good too,
I'll give thee nobler light than both thy eyes do.
My poor Lord and my self are bound to suffer,
And when I see him faint under your sentence,
I'll tell you more, it may be than I'll yield to.

Fr. Yielding or not I've sworn she shall be mine,
Tho I should wade through Seas of blood to meet her. *Enter Val.*

Val. He's here and by himself, what hinders me,
But that I now make sure a noble vengeance?
The People do expect, the Soldiers wish it,
All *Naples* hang on me their expectations.
As if it was a debt, I ow'd my Country.

But still he is my Sovereign, and that thought
Pulls back my Sword, and turns the edge against me.

Fr. Now my young marry'd Lord how do you feel your self?
You have the happiness you ever aim'd at,
The joy and pleasure.

You tumble in delights, with your sweet Lady,
And draw the Minutes out in dear embraces.

Val. Wou'd you had try'd it, Sir, that you might know
The virtue but to suffer.

Your anger tho' it be unjust, and insolent,
Sits handsomer upon you than your scorn.
To do a willfull ill, and glory in it,
Is to do it double, and doubly to be damn'd.

Fr. You clearly see now, brave *Valerio*,
What 'tis to be a rival to a Prince,
To interpose against a raging Eyon.

Val. You are grown a Tyrant
Upon so suffering, and so still a Subject.
That if your youth were honest, it wou'd blush at.
But yare a shame to nature, as to virtue,
Pull not my rage upon ye, 'tis so just
It will give way to no respect.

Fr. I know y've suffer'd, innuently suffer'd,
And with a kind of pity I behold ye,
And if you dare be worthy of my mercy,
I can yet heal you.

Val. I fall thus low, Sir.

And my poor heart under your feet I lay,
And all the service of my life.

Fr. I o this then

Part with her for a while.

Val. You have parted us,

What shall I do with that I cannot use, Sir?

Fr. 'Tis well consider'd; let me have the Lady,

And thou shalt see how nobly I'll befriend thee.

Val. Will she come do you think?

Fr. She must be wrought, I know she is too modest,

And that with Art.

Val. But who shall work her, Sir?

For on my conscience she is very honest,

And will be hard to cut as a rough Diamond.

Fr. Why, you must work her, any thing from your Tongue.

Set off with Golden, and perswasive language,

Urging your dangers too.

Val. But all this while

Have you the Conscience, Sir, to leave me nothing;

Nothing to play withal?

Fr. There are ten thousand, take where thou wilt.

Val. May I be bold with your Queen,

She's useless to your Grace, as it appears, Sir,

And but a Loyal Wife that may be lost too.

I have a mind to her, and then 'tis equal.

Fr. How, Sir?

Val. 'Tis so, Sir, thou most glorious impudence,

Have I not wrongs enow to suffer under,

But thou must pick me out to make a Monster,

A hated wonder to the World I do you start

At my intrenching on your private liberty,

And wou'd you force a high way through my honour,

And make me paye it too? but that thy Queen

Is of that excellent honesty,

And guarded with Divinity about her,

I wou'd so right my self.

Fr. Why take her to you,

I am not vext at this; thou shalt enjoy her,

I'll be thy Friend if that will win thy curtesie.

Val. I will not be your Bawd nor for your Kingdom.

Was I brought up and nourish'd in the Court

With thy most Royal Brothers and thy self,

And suck't the sweetness of all humane Arts,

Learn'd arms and honour to become a villain?

Was this the expectation of my youth,
My growth and glory. Do you speak this truly,
Or do you try me, Sir; for I believe not,
At least I wou'd not, and methinks 'tis impossible
There shou'd be such a Devil in a King's shape.
Such a malignant Fiend!

Fr. You'll find me worse if you persist thus rashly,
The next time you hear from me it must be
In rougher terms, and so I take my leave.

Val. Am I a Man and feel loves fire within me,
Youth and desire engaging me to taste

Those sweet delights the law has given me?

Have I within my reach that precious treasure

To purchase which I have sacrific'd my life,

Withall my youthful hopes, and shall I not

Because a Tyrants power interposes

Dare once to touch that dear bought happiness.

Come my *Evanthe*, fly into my Arms,

Let thy warm sighs dissolve that lamp of sorrow,

That heavy load that hangs upon my soul.

Ev. Not all my sighs, nor the sincerest love,

That e're was paid by an unhappy Maid,

Can purge thy soul of its ingratitude.

Val. Ha!

Ev. Canst thou look up to the peoples love,

That call thee worthy and not blush, *Valerio*?

Canst thou behold me, whom thou hast betray'd,

Yet know no shame?

Val. What means my best *Evanthe*?

Ev. To save thy life, and for so short a time;

It do's betray so base a Cowardice,

That makes ev'n me a Woman blush to think on't.

Had twenty thousand deaths attended me

I wou'd have met 'em all, and did upon the pleasure.

Val. I am all amazement!

Ev. To let a lye work like a spell upon ye,

A lye to save your life; the King himself,

Tho he be wicked, and our Enemy,

But juster than thou art, in pity of me.

Told me this truth?

Val. What did he tell you?

Ev. That but to gain thy life for a few days,

Thy lov'd poor life, thou gavest up all my duties.

Val. I swear 'tis false, my life and death are equal.

But Kings are men, and live and die as men do,

[Exit.

[Enter *Evanthe*.

Have the affections men have, and their fallhoods.
Indeed they have more power to make 'em good.
It was to save thy life, thy innocent life,
That I forbore thy bed.

Ev. And was not I as worthy to die nobly,
To make a story for the times that follow,
As he that married me? do you think I chose you
Only for pleasure, or content in Love,
To lull you in my arms and kiss you hourly?

Val. I do not think so.

Ev. I might have been a Queen, Sir,
If that had caught me, and have known all delicacies.
There's few that woud have shund to fair an offer.
O thou unfaithful fearful man, thou hast kill'd me,
In saving me this way thou hast destroy'd me.

Val. I honour you, by all the rites of marriage
And pleasures of chaste love, I wonder at you.
You appear the vision of a heaven unto me,
Stuck all with stars of honour shining clearly,
Why don't you chide me, you have so brave an anger,
And thus deliver'd flows so nobly from you,
That I cou'd suffer like a child to hear you.

Ev. My Anger's gone, good my Lord pardon me,
And if I have offended be more angry.
It was a womans flash, a sudden valour
That cou'd not lie conceal'd.
You have with a cunning patience cheekt my folly.
Once more forgiveness. (*She kneels*)

Val. Will this serve *Evanthe* (*He raises and kisses her*)
And this my Love, thou art all happiness.
Man is a lump of earth, the best Man spiritless,
To such a Wompan, all our lives and actions,
But counterfeits in Arras to such virtue.
But did he tell no more?

Ev. More than I then believ'd or ever shall.

Val. Now we are both of one mind, lets be happy.
I am no more a wanting man *Evanthe*,
Thy warm embraces shall dissolve that impotence,
And my cold lye shall vanish with thy kisses.
Ye hours of night, be long, as when *Alcmena*
Lay by the lusty side of *Jupiter*,
Keep back the day and hide his golden beams,
Where the chaste warchful morning may not find 'em,
Old doting *Tyrion*, hold *Alcmena* fast.

And tho she blush, the day break from her cheeks,
Conceal her still; thou heavy wain stand still,
And stop the quicker revolutions;
Or if the day must come to spoil our happiness
Thou envious Sun peep not upon our pleasures,
Thou that all Lovers Curse be far off from us.

Enter Pisano with Guards.

Ev. Then let's to bed, and this night in all Joys
And chaste desires—

Pis. Stay I must part you both, it is the King's Command.

Val. Ha! this from thee, *Pisano*;
Thou once wast honest, what can honour then,
And friendship too conspire against *Valerio*?

Pis. My honour'd Lord, you'll find me still your Friend,
Bear off the Lady, and use her with all nobleness. [*Exeunt with Evambr.*

Enter Alphonso.

Alp. Call up the Sun, and tell him I wait for him.
He promis'd more I fear than he'll perform,
To find three men, that are not errant Traitors.

Val. Is there a mystery beyond what I've suffer'd?
Yet witness Heav'n, this adds to my afflictions,
How do you my good Lord?

Alp. Why very well.
Who are you? For I'm sure I do not know you.

Val. Not know me,

Alp. How is't possible I should?

I well remember I had a foster Brother,
A noble youth, my Father call'd *Valerio*;
But what of that? I know you are not he.

Valerio was made up of nobleness,
Master of all those humane excellencies,
That make Men equal to th'all perfect Gods;
His forward virtues shot him up to Man,
Ere others cou'd attain to a youth's strength.
He was so perfect as if heaven had sent him,
To witness to the world the worth of humane nature.

Val. My Lord *Alphonso*, am I sure I hear you!

Alp. He wore a soul so full of manly greatness,
As wou'd have brook't a scepter'd Devil sooner.
Than usurpation, or a lawless Tyrant,
And ere he wou'd have spent those precious hours,
That pitying fate had liberally consign'd,
For the redemption of his wretched Country;

In the endearments of a fruitless passion,
He wou'd have sold himself to slavery.

Val. Go on, my Lord, for tho in your reproofs

Y' appear as dreadful as an angry God,

Y' have turn'd the stream of my overflowing griefs,

And silenc'd all the Tumults of my Soul.

Go on, for whilst you speak, my busie sorrows,

Tho they exceed the tortures of the damn'd,

As if another *Orpheus* came to charm 'em,

Are calm, and gently sink down into peace.

Here on my knees silent as death I'm fix'd,

And listen to the charge of awful vertue.

Alp. He was so true a lover of his Country,

That for her sake he would have given up

His life, and with it his Soul's happiness,

But not have sold it like a trading Slave,

For the enjoyments of a short-liv'd pleasure.

He dar'd meet death with an undaunted courage,

On any score, but from the Hangman's hand:

Val. O all ye Gods, can I believe my senses?

Or do I dream? 'tis real; for my joys

Exceed the transports of deluded fancy,

But say, my Lord, O tell me I adjure ye,

What kinder power, in pity of our sufferings,

When you was lost and dead to all our hopes,

Has thus restor'd ye to your bleeding *Naples*?

Alp. Vain man, 'tis thou art dead and not *Alphonso*,

That vigorous heat that fir'd thy active Youth,

And drew the hopes of all good men unto thee,

Lies quite extinct, and now thou art no more,

Than the faint shadow of *Valerio's* greatness.

Ye Gods, that man, the Lord of your Creation,

The perfect image of your heavenly forms,

Shou'd own the weakness of the vilest Beast,

And vertue, given us as a faithful guide

To lead us safe through a tempestuous Sea,

Shou'd yield to every wave that dares oppose it!

Val. My Lord, I own all you can charge me with,

And in an humble sense of my own vileness,

I crawl thus low, to kiss your sacred feet.

Valerio owns you have search'd him to the quick,

And laid his soul so open to her self,

That now ashamed of her own nakedness,

Dares not erect her head to view, and worship,

The Godlike beams of your severer vertue.

Alp. Let me then raise her up to her own greatness,
And heal her with the charms of holy Fricke ship,
Here let me fix her, honours sacred twin,
And breath the sweets of manly love upon her.
O my *Valerio*, we have been both to blame,
The hours of youth, that thou'd have been employ'd,
In the pursuit of never dying glory,
And spent i'th service of our wretched Country,
We have like headless Prodigals permitted
To glide as gentle waters unobserv'd.

Val. What shall I say, O teach me how to answer.
Thoughts crowd on thoughts, and press upon my Tongue,
Which cannot speak the language of my Heart.
Only thus much, I fling off all my duty
To your dead Brother, for he is dead to goodness,
And to the living hopes of brave *Alphonso*,
The noble heir of Nature and of Honour,
I fasten my Allegiance.

Alp. Once more *Valerio*,
Since thou art so nobly fashion'd to my Arms
Th'art wellcome, thus and thus I press thee to me,
With we might grow so fixt, so linkt together,
As *Fredericks* power might strive in vain to part us.

Val. Is there on Earth that power that can divide us?
That life my love so fondly gave away,
Honour recalls: for you I will preserve it,
That cou'd not for my self. I'm yours, my Lord,
Valerio's yours, and to secure me so,
Witness ye Gods *Valerio* quits the world,
All but his love, and if my Lord commands it,
I'll quit that too; *Evamthe* shall be quitted,
And thrown off from me, that I may with ease,
Enter the list, and run the race of glory.

Alp. O thou wast born to recall banisht virtue;
And fix her on her Throne; no, my *Valerio*,
Mayst thou be ever blest in thy *Evamthe*.
Live both the happy Stars of love and honour,
Two lights to guide us in this darker Age.
But listen now to what I shall unfold,
This afternoon, the Tyrant has determin'd
To try if fear will work upon *Evamthe*,
And win her to compliance, if to save
Thy much lov'd life she will give up her honour;
If that will not prevail, tis then resolv'd

By force to drag her to his impious list;

Now canst thou tamely see a Virgin wrong'd,

And not be touch'd with the indignity,

Perceive thy Wife forc'd to a Tyrant's bed,

And feel no love within to do her Justice?

Val. Why asks my Lord, by heaven I'd rather see her

Drag'd to a bloody Altar, and there fall

A Sacrifice to Devils.

Alp. I do believe thee,

And that thou woud'st be foremost to prevent it.

Val. I do't alone:

Alp. I grant it: if no Friends

Can be found out to joyn i'th' undertaking.

Val. There can be none:

Alp. There are already hundreds

All arm'd, ev'n now the fatal Sword is drawn,

That must ere night dispatch the bloody Tyrant.

Suspend thy wonder, and be like thy self.

O I could tell thee such a dismal story

As woud add fuel, to thy enraged spirits,

Tho' they boil'd higher than *Alcides* did,

When on his back he wore th' envenom'd Shirt.

Val. O you have given new life to all my wishes

Is there, and shall we once again behold

A lawful Monarch seated on our Throne.

Methinks I see the Genius of our State

Resume with joy her once abandon'd Seat,

Vertue returns, and injur'd Truth once more

Do's happy *Naples* to her self restore,

Whilst the assembl'd Gods resolve to bless

Alphonso's Reign with a perpetual Peace.

Exeunt.

A C T. V.

Scene 1st. Enter Frederick and Sorano.

A Chair set on.

Fr. BUT are you sure the Poyson's Mortal?

Sor. Above the help of Physick;

Some two hours hence we shall have such a bawling,

And

The Fruitless Revenge.

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And roaring up and down for *Aqua Vita*,
I've sent him that will make a bonfire in his belly,
If he recover it, there is no heat in Hell.

Fr. But was my Mother easie of belief?

Sor. At first indeed she did mistrust my kindness,
And gravely told me old experienc't minds
Were not so quickly caught with guilt hypocrisie;
Then Sir I wept, and bid her as she was honourable,
Not add more Hell to my afflicted soul;
Told her I had cast off those glorious favours
Of sound and honour, wealth and promises,
Your wanton pleasures had flung on my weakness;
Resolv'd to serve my Countries cause and vertues,
Poorly and honestly, and redeem my ruins.

Fr. I guess the rest.

Sor. Then I produc'd the Viol,
Which at the price of half my wealth I bought,
So I possess her, from an antient Jew,
A learned Scholar, and a rare Physician:
And, she not dreaming of an Antidote,
I freely drank an health unto *Alphonso*,
Nay advis'd her to pledge it; if she do's, Sir,
She'll find enough for both.

Fr. May both die then;

Now, my *Sorano*, we shall live indeed;
Methinks already I am mounted higher,
And with contempt look on the inferior world.

Sor. You must be speedy, Sir, with this *Valerio*,
Till he is cold i'th' Grave you are not safe;
There are some Lords, that buz about the Court,
And pry into our actions, they are such
The foolish people call their Countries honours,
As if they were the Patterns of the Kingdom:
He is their Head, and him they idolize.

Fr. He dies this Afternoon, unless she yields:
And as for his adherents, to their shames,
Within this week I'll silence 'em, *Sorano*,
I'll suffer no proud slaves to be about me,
That are not followers of my will, bridles and curbs,
To the hard headed Commons that malign me.

Sor. Now you speak like a King; as for *Evander*,
If she's perverse, remove her Paramour,
And then her love to him, which made her deaf
To all you could propose, must perish with him.

Fr. Thou shalt command in all; but, *O Evamthe*,
 I hasten on the wings of love to meet thee,
 And die within thy Arms; were she but kind
 As she is beautiful - but that would be
 Too great a happiness. Her cruel pride
 May for some time, like the restless tide,
 My hopes on Rocks, and desperate Quick sands throw;
 The Heavens may rage above, and the Seas swell below,
 But the bold Pilates Love,
 Securely touches the forbidden strand,
 And gently throws me on the promis'd Land.

[Exit.

Sor. To thee 'twill prove a wandering Fairy land,
 Enjoy *Evamthe*? no, it was enough
 That I indulg'd him with a Crown and Scepter,
 But can't yield up my love so tamely to him,
 He comes, and love plays in his Fiery eyes,
 But darts his beams on an ungrateful foil;
 Surely fate's busie, and the kinder Stars
 Are in conjunction to make good *my hopes*.

[Exit.

Enter *Fr.* and *Evamthe*.

Fr. Can neither Power, Promise, Threats nor Tears,
 Draw from your eyes one kind consenting look;
 To feed a Monarchs almost dying hopes,
 Why would you kill me with this cruelty,
 This stubborn pride? look on me, fair *Evamthe*,
 Not as a King, that might command thy will,
 But as a Slave that must be govern'd by it.

Ev. You are a King, I wish I might say worthy
 That love all honest men are bound to pay you.

Fr. O make me yours, and mold me as you please.
 I own *Evamthe*, I'm made up of mistakes,
 Have drawn the curses of all good men on me,
 But do not thou learn cruelty from me.
 To heav'n we kneel for mercy, and obtain it.
 To man we fly for Justice, and he gives us
 The senseless Beasts seem with relenting pity,
 To joyn with us in our severest sorrows.
 Be like the Heavens, all softness, tenderness,
 The pride of nature, and the joy of life.

Ev. My Lord your power may force me to hear this,
 But ever to comply with your desires,
 Or to be brought to love you wantonly,
 Not all the honours you can throw upon me,

The Fruitless Revenge.

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Shall e'er oblige me. I've a noble Husband,
And when I do forget him, or in thought
Wander from my obedience, then may I be
Sold up, and lost to all those lawless pleasures,
That leave behind 'em nothing but dishonour,
The unhappy Subjects of a late repentance.

Fr. You have a Husband, but he dies this moment,
Unless you yield, and so redeem his life.
I am resolv'd, come do not, do not wind
My anger to that height; it may consume ye;
Yet I have mercy.

Ev. Use it to your Bawds,
To excuse cruelty, it best becomes you.
Thou art a King of Monsters, not of men,
And shortly wilt convert this land to Devils.
O were I but so powerfull to consume thee!
My tongue with curses I have arm'd against thee,
With Maiden curses, that heav'n Crown with horrors.
And cou'd my hands but hold the fire of heav'n,
Wrapt in the thunder that the Gods revenge with,
Then like stern Justice I wou'd sling it on thee.

Fr. Tho' she's inexorable, still I love,
And loving must enjoy. Thou stubborn Maid
I'll beg no more for what I can command.
I know I am a King and thou my slave,
And as a King I'll bodily seize my right,
I'll not delay my bliss one Moment longer
Tho' my dead Fathers Ghost shou'd rise before me,
To shake my soul and fright me from my purpose.

Ev. Help, help, O help! is Providence asleep
Or are the Gods deaf to a Virgins Prayers?

Val. The Gods are just, but proud oppression hears not, [*Enter Valerio.*
Tho' dreadfull Thunder shakes the frame of nature.

Fr. How now, what boldness brought you hither, Sir?

Val. Love and the duty of a faithfull Husband,

The duty of a Subject to his sovereign.
Here on my knees I do entreat you, Sir;
To render back what you with-hold unjustly;
Your Father was a kind, and generous Prince,
Your Brother th' Image of his Royal vertues,
Till subtle Poison rob'd him of his reason.
Ev'n you when first you seiz'd th' Imperial Crown
Promis'd the blessings of a gentle rule,
Till drunk with Pride, and arbitrary Power,

Like

Like a wild Bear too strong to be with-held,
You broke the bounds of Nature, Law, Religion,
Reduc'd our Fruitfull once, and flourishing State
Into a miserable, wild and desert wast.

Fr. How, Sir? who am I?

Val. I know not who you are,
You should be *Frederick*, brave *Brandino's* Son,
Whose reverend relicks, tho laid up in Peace,
Mourn in the Grave to think he should beget,
And leave behind him such an Hellish Monster.
You should be —

Fr. What I am, a sovereign Prince,
And Master of thy Fate, Guards, seize the Traitor,
And see him dead.

Val. Hold you mistake your duty.
There stands the Traitor, Murderer, Parricide!
Tis not in words to express a guilt like thine,
Nor in all Hell, torments enough to punish it.
Nay frown not; tho' thy Eyes are Poisonous,
As are thy hands, and Monstrous as thy thoughts,
Thou canst not kill me as thou didst thy Father,
Thy innocent Brother, and thy noble Uncle.
If what I've utter'd is a falsehood, *Frederick*,
Draw, if thou darest, thy self the Sword of Justice,
And thrust it home, to prove *Valerio* false.

Fr. Here then, I'll once be Executioner
To my own Vengeance and to satisfy
Thy fatal Pride brag when thou comest below
Amongst thy fellow shades, that *Fredrick* kill'd thee
Thou arrogant slave —

[Enter *Alphonso*, *Cunzio* and *Sorano*.]
Al. Hold or you both shall die.
Unkind *Valerio* you'dst thou rob my Sword
Of the only Justice my hopes ever aim'd at.
My Fathers Ghost wou'd still walk unreveng'd,
If he should fall by any hand but mine.

Put up for shame, hark to the Bell that Rings,
Hark, hark, Proud *Frederick*, that was King of mischief,
The Sun of all thy pomp is set and vanish.

Ped. What do you shake, my Lord *Sorano*,
No speedy mischief to prevent this business,
No Bawdy meditation now to fly to.

Ev. O my best Lord let me with tears of Joy,
In these dear Arms sigh out my thanks to Heav'n.
So tamely caught! look at the Palace Gates.

The Fruitless Revenge.

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Ped. Yes, Sir, we hear you, we have got the Keys,
And no doors here shall shut without our licence.

Fr. Treason, Treason!

Ped. You can bawl well,
But we have found the Traitor in your shape, Sir,
And mean to keep him fast, *Alphonso, King Alphonso!*

All. Long live *Alphonso, King of us and Naples.*

Alp. Turn, if thou dar'st look nature in the face,

Turn, *Frederick*, and boldly meet my Sword,

For till the Royal throne by thee polluted

And dawb'd with innocent blood, is purg'd by thine,

Alphonso cannot, dares not, be a King;

And tho' thou well deserv'st the Hangman's hand,

Ple be my self the Minister of Justice,

Because I han't forgot thou once wast noble;

If thou prevail'st thou still maist be a King,

Think Heav'n looks down as witness of our Combat,

And will refix the Crown on th' Victors Head:

Fr. Now thou art brave and in thy nobleness

My Guilty Soul beholds her own disgrace.

I do confess my unbounded sins, but find

My heart too stubborn for a true repentance;

What I by treachery purchas'd hitherto

I have maintain'd by force; and know, *Alphonso,*

Frederick with greater pleasure draws his Sword

In this dispute, than if he was to struggle

For a third Portion of the Universe.

Heav'n be thy Umpire, I to Hell appeal,

If there be either, for as yet I know not;

Let but my Sword be constant to my purpose,

I'll call no other God to my assistance.

Alp. Thou Hellish fury sent by angry Heav'n

To scourge this bleeding Nation for her sins.

Think on the mischeifs thou hast thrown upon her:

The sighs and tears of injur'd innocence,

And curses th' hast entail'd upon Posterity,

That after death will follow, and torment

Thy guilty ashes in their restless Urn.

Fr. Peace or I shall mistrust thy bravery.

Think'st thou to fright me with such tales as these?

If thy Sword proves as idle as thy Tongue,

I shall begin to doubt if one Womb bore us both.

Come on, methinks I am now proud to see thee

A match fit for my Sword, and not that stupid

Senseless *Alphonso* I have often thought thee.

Al. Come then since thou art so brave.

Val. My Lord *Alphonso*—

Al. Hold on the forfeit of your lives I charge you,
That Sword that is not sheath'd is drawn on me.
So nobly is my cause born out with Justice,
That I require no aids but those of Heaven.

Fr. O that th' whole World were summon'd to behold
Two rival-Brothers tugging for an Empire,
And with an Universal shout applaud the Victor.
Come on, we trifle, whilst t' eager Croud;
Divided in their wishes, grow impatient
Till Victory has taught 'em whom t' obey.

Alp. Thus then I meet thee tho' my Mother bore thee. *[Wounds Fred.*
Therelie, and maist thou be forgot for ever.

Fr. I feel the hand of fate upon me, whilst my Eyes
Labour in death, and view, brimfull of horror,
A dismal prospect of Eternal woe.

I now repent me 'of my cruelties,
And feel within my Soul the smarts already.

Alphonso, I bequeath thee all those honours
I have usurpt; but know thou canst not long
Enjoy them, for thou hast already drunk
Thy passport to the other world. But O
In death I do entreat thee to forgive me.
Hide not the noble nature of a Brother.
The pity of a friend from my afflictions.

I've liv'd a wicked life, but now — am nothing.

[Dies.

Alp. Tho' he was wicked, still he was my Brother,
And shou'd have liv'd, 'till humble penitence
Had cast the load off of his wantonness.

I think he said I shou'd not long survive him.
Sure fate spoke in him, for I feel already
Convulsive heats shooting through every vein,
Struggling for freedom in their narrow prison.

[Enter Queen Mother.

Q. Mother, Where is my Son, O bear me to *Alphonso*,
My Son *Alphonso*! the great pains I felt
When first thou saw'st the light, were lostest pleasures
Compar'd to those that rack my body now,
Which thou must feel ere thou liest down in Peace.
Millions of horrors, labours, all diseases,
Despairs and Plagues the hot Sun ever breeds
Are trifles to the torments I endure.
The shadows of the pains thy Mother feels.

O damn'd

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O damn'd deceitfull Hellish Poisonous Villain!

Alp. What saith my Mother, O my mind misgives me!

Q. Mother, Th'art Poison'd Son, by thy own Mother Poison'd.

Who has her self drunk of the deadly draught,

To lead thee to the Mansions of the blessed.

Give me more Air, let inundations flow

Colder than Snow upon the Scythian Mountains.

O I'm all fire, *Sorano* is the Villain,

Let infinite tortures, such as those I feel,

Light on his Head, and then I shall die pleas'd.

[*Dis.*]

Alp. Now, my *Valerio*, where are all my hopes,

Ye Gods—but still you must be mercifull

Tho' man can't search the ways of Providence,

But at a distance views you in your works.

O Mournfull Triumph, fatal Victory!

The earth is now *Alphonso's* only Throne

And that in death I'll keep: I feel him coming,

Or am I dead already? no death's cold:

But I'm all fire, fire, the raging Dog-star

Reigns in my blood, O which way shall I turne!

Val. Hast thee, *Pisano*, fly for the Physicians;

Tell 'em rewards exceeding all their wishes

Shall Crown their cares if they'll restore back to us

This one lov'd life. Look up, my honour'd Lord,

See willing nations courting ye to live.

Alp. Give me more Air, Air, more Air, blow, blow,

Open thou Eastern gate and blow upon me,

Distill thy cold dews, O thou icy Moon,

And rivers run through my afflicted spirit.

Sina and all his flames burn in my Head;

Fling me into the Ocean or I perish.

Dig, dig, dig 'till the springs fly up,

The cold, cold springs that I may leap into 'em,

And bath my scorch'd limbs in their purling pleasures.

O shoot me up into the higher region

Where Treasures of delicious snow are nourish'd

And banquets of sweet hail.

Val. Hast thee, shut all the Palace gates and seize that Villain;

Tortures exceeding those o'th' damn'd in Hell

Shall be thy lot.

Sor. I dare your utmost malice

There I'm reveng'd, and in that thought rejoice.

Val. Go bear him to the rack. Was ever day like this?

Alp. What will you sacrifice me?

[*Upon*]

Unhappy Kindness: Or,

Upon the Altar lay my willing body
And pile your wood up, sing your holy incense,
And as I turn me, you shall see all flame,
Consuming flame, stand off me or y'arcades.

Val. help me to raise him, Sirs.

Alp. Bring hither Charity and let me hug her
They say she's cold,
Infinite cold devotion cannot warm her.
Draw me a River off false Lovers tears
Clean through my breast they are dull, cold and forgetful
And will give ease.

Let Virgins sigh upon me,

Forfaken souls, their sighs are precious

Let 'em all sigh, O Hell, Hell, Hell, O horror!

Val. What scalding sweats he has

Alp. I am inclos'd in all consuming flames.

Like *Phaon* let me dy, let me fly, give me room

Betwixt the cold bear and the raging Lyon,

Lyes my safe way. O for a Cake of Ice now,

To clap upon my heart to comfort me.

Decrepit Winter hang upon my shoulders,

And let wear thy frozen licles

Like Jewels round about my head to cool me,

My eyes burn out and sink into their sockets,

And my infected brain like brimstone boils

I live in Hell and several furies vex me,

O carry me where no Sun ever shew'd yet

A face of comfort, where the Earth is Chrysal,

Never to be dissolv'd, where naught inhabits

But night and cold, and nipping Frost and Winds,

That cut the stubborn rocks and make 'em slaver,

Set me there Friends I feel it, and am happy.

Val. There broke the noble heart I now follow him

In death did not the charms of love retain me

Bear in th' unhappy relicks and prepare

Noble interments worthy their great lives.

For me I have some right to the succession

Which in a general Assembly I'll make known

Death finds the Monarch seated on his Throne

With as much ease as th' humble Cottager :

But proud unthinking men are taught too late,

No power can save 'em from the hand of fate.